

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

Rocky Lane

15¢

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK** **WESTERN**

FEBRUARY

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Pit Maullie Executive Editor

Rocky Lane

HIDDEN PARADISE

HAVE A LITTLE WATER, BOY! WE GOTTA NURSE IT REAL... HEY!

SEVENTY MILES FROM THE NEAREST WATER, ROCKY LANE AND BLACK JACK STRUGGLED ON... THREE MEN HAD PRECEDED THEM INTO THE WATERLESS HIGH DESERT OF UNBROKEN ROCK, THREE MEN WHO HAD TO HAVE WATER TOO! ROCKY HAD ONE CANTEEN LEFT... HE PAUSED TO SHARE A DRINK WITH BLACK JACK WHEN A RIFLE CRACKED AND...

THREE MEN HAD EXECUTED A BANK ROBBERY IN A TOWN ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES NORTH...

STOP THEM! THEY HELD UP THE BANK!

RIDE 'EM DOWN, BOYS! NOBODY'S STOPPIN' US THIS SIDE O' THE DESERT!

TOM BANK

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROCKY LANE WASN'T IN TOWN WHEN IT HAPPENED... WHEN HE HEARD AND RODE IN, THERE WAS ONLY ONE CUE...



IT WAS DRY COUNTRY ALL THE WAY... BUT A FEW SPRINGS SUPPORTED ONE OR TWO RANCHES. ROCKY STOPPED AT THE LAST ONE BEFORE THE DESERT BEGAN...

I HEARD RIDERS PASS NIGHT BEFORE LAST! THEY TOOK WATER, BUT THEY WERE GONE TIME I GOT DRESSED!



YUH CAN'T RIDE UP THERE, MARSHAL! YUH WON'T GIT BACK!

THE THREE BANK ROBBERS DO-- AN' I'M GOIN' TO BRING 'EM BACK!



WITH TWO CANTEENS FILLED WITH WATER, BLACKJACK AND THE MARSHAL STARTED THE DRY RIDE...

IN HALF A DAY, WE USED HALF A CANTEEN OF WATER, BLACKJACK! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THOSE MEN!



THEY DIDN'T LEAVE TRACKS ON THE ROCK, BLACKJACK! IF THAT BUNCH WAS A WATERHOLE IN THERE, THEY'RE PRETTY SAFE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

IT WAS
THE
DRIEST
COUNTRY
ROCKY
HAD
EVER
BEEN IN!
NOT A
BLADE
OF
GRASS
GREW
ANY-
WHERE...



WE'VE GOT ONE OUNCE
OF WATER LEFT! WE CAN
MAKE IT BACK IF WE TURN
AROUND NOW! SHOULD
WE TURN BACK,
BLACK-JACK?



YOUR ANSWER IS NO.
OKAY, BLACKJACK, WE'LL
RUN 'EM DOWN! NOW,
LET'S HAVE A DRINK!



SUDDENLY, A SHOT RIPPED
THE SILENCE, AND...

HEY! A BUSH-
WHACKER!



GO BACK, MARSHAL!
THERE'S NO WATER
UP HERE!



HE
SEARCHED
FRANTICALLY
FOR THE
BUSH-
WHACKER,
WITH
NO LUCK!
AT
LAST,
HE
STOPPED...
AND
FELT
DOUBT
AND
APPRE-
HENSION...

SORRY, BLACKJACK!
THERE'S NO
WATER LEFT!
NO WATER--
AND A
HUNDRED
MILES OF
DESERT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

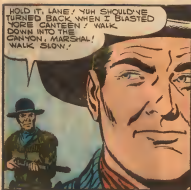
THEN A LIGHT BREEZE CAME UP... A BREEZE THAT CARRIED THE DAMP SMELL OF WATER! BLACK-JACK SHIFFED IT FIRST...



IT SMELLED CLOSE, REAL CLOSE, PARDNER, BUT THERE'S NOT A BREAK ON THE HORIZON! WHERE THERE'S WATER, THERE'D BE TREES, BUSHES!



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, A GREEN PARADISE APPEARED AT THEIR FEET...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

IT WAS
MADDEN-
ING!
THE WATER
SO NEAR,
COOL AND
SPARKLING--
AND PIG-
ACKER
SNEERING
OVER HIS
READY
WINCHESTER.
BLACKJACK
HAD
NO
FEAR...



YOU BOYS MADE THE
RULES -- I'LL PLAY
IT YOUR WAY!



THE TOUGH GUNSLINGERS
QUIETED DOWN FAST! BLACK-
JACK DRANK FIRST, THEN
ROCKY HELPED HIMSELF...



UNARMED
AND
COINED
BY THE
MARSHAL
AND HIS
HORSE,
THE TRIO
SADDLED
UP FOR
THE TRIP
BACK!
ROCKY
WAS
SORRY
TO LEAVE
THE
TINY
EDEN...



IT'S A WONDERFUL
HIDEOUT, BLACK-
JACK...

I'M COMIN' BACK
HERE TO FISH AN
SWIM EVERY ONCE
IN A WHILE
ACKER! IT
WASN'T MEANT
TO BE AN
OUTLAW ROOST,
IT'S A HIDDEN
PARADISE!



END

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Rocky Lane

FANNER BANKS HAD SWORN HE'D GET ROCKY LANE... HE WAS IN TOWN BOASTING THAT HE'D DOWN THE SECRET MARSHAL ON SIGHT! AND, THEN, ROCKY FACED HIM... AND TALKED FAST TO AVOID GUNPLAY!

SHOWDOWN AT NOON

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LANE? AFRAID TUH DRAW?

I'LL BE ON THE STREET AT NOON! IF YUH STILL WANT A SHOWDOWN, BANKS, TRY ME THEN!

I NEVER SAW YUH BACK, DOWN, ROCKY! WHAT HAPPENED?

GO IN AND LOOK FOR YOURSELF -- TWO OF FANNER'S PALS ARE IN OPPOSITE CORNERS! ONE HAS A SHOTGUN, THE OTHER HAS A DERRINGER IN HIS PALM!

IF YUH NEED HELP, SEND TUH THE COUNTRY SEAT! WE CAN'T GO AGAINST REG'LAR GUNMEN.

I DIDN'T EXPECT YUH TO, MISTER! I'LL HANDLE 'EM MYSELF!

Wheeler
and
Trepani

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

IT WAS
AN HOUR
AND A
HALF
UNTIL
NOON! ROCKY
LANE HAD
DISAPPEAR-
ED! FANNER
BANKS
HAD A
GUESS
REFERENCE
TO HIS
PLS...



THEN IT
WAS
NOON...
AND FANNER
BANKS
WAS
SLOWLY
WALKING
THROUGH
THE
DUST...
WAITING
FOR
ROCKY
LANE...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE SECRET MARSHAL HAD USED HIS EYES WELL... HE KNEW WHERE FANNER'S MEN WERE HIDDEN! HE LOCATED THE ONE ON THE GROUND FIRST...



THEN THE RIFLEMAN ON THE ROOF OF THE FEED STORE...



AT A QUARTER PAST TWELVE, THE SECRET MARSHAL STEPPED INTO THE STREET! FANNER BANKS WAS WAITING...



...YOU'RE BUSH-WHACKER PALS ARE IN THE JUG, BANKS! STILL WANT TO FIGHT?

WHAT? YOU'RE LYIN'!



DRAW YORE GUN, IF YUH THINK I'M LYIN'! DRAW OR ADMIT YOU'RE A TINHORN AFRAID TUM FIGHT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, BANKS! COME ON!



LATER, THE SAME MEN WHO DOUBTED HIM CAME AROUND TO CONGRATULATE THE SECRET MARSHAL...

WE KNEW YUH WOULD NOT BACK DOWN, ROCKY!

I KNEW IF IT CAME TO A FAIR FIGHT, A GUNMAN LIKE BANKS WOULD BACK DOWN!

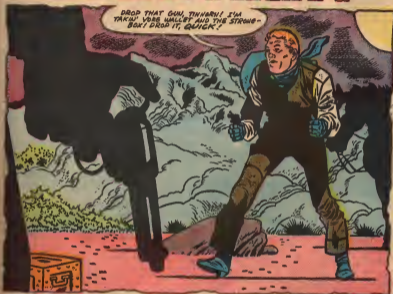


END

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THERE WERE FEW MEN IN THE SOUTHWEST WHO COULD MATCH SIX-GUN MAGIC WITH PEPPER KARP! AND WHEN KARP FINALLY CAME TO THE END OF THE ROAD, IT WASN'T A MAN WHO ENDED HIS OWLFOOT CAREER...IT WAS A COLT .45 THAT DEFEATED HIM AT EVERY TURN OF THE TRAIL!

JINXED SIX-GUN

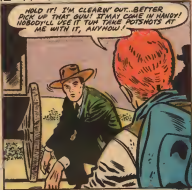


THE COLT'S OWNER, AN EASTERBORN NEWLY ARRIVED TO DS FOR GOLD, DROPPED THE COLT! HE'D LOADED SIX CARTRIDGES...NOT KNOWING ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE CHAMBER UNDER THE HAMMER EMPTY FOR SAFETY!

THE GUN HIT THE SUNBAKED GROUND HARD...AND THE SHELL UNDER THE HAMMER WENT OFF!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



NO ONE TRIED TO STOP THE OUTLAW! THEY'D RECOGNIZED KARP AND THEY KNEW HE'D USE HIS GUNS!



KARP HEADED FOR THE BADLANDS, NURSING HIS WOUNDED LEG!



A MONTH LATER...

MY LEG IS GETTIN' BETTER. I MAY AS WELL PRACTICE UP WITH THE NEW GUN!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

PEPPER KARP HIT THE BIGGEST TOWN AROUND TWO DAYS LATER! HE STILL LIMPED A LITTLE BUT THAT HELPED THE MUSTACHE DISGUISE HIM FROM LANMEN!



ENDS WAS GREASED LIGHTNING WITH A COLT... BUT THE DUDE WAS TOO GREEN TO THINK OF GUNS! HE INSTINCTIVELY SWUNG AN IRON HARD PIST INSTEAD!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE JUNK COLT CLINCHED THE SHERIFF'S CASE AGAINST PEPPER KARP! HE WAS IN JAIL A FEW MINUTES LATER...



KARP GRABBED TWO GUNS IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE! HE LEFT THE JUNKED COLT THIS TIME! A MOMENT LATER, HE WAS GONE ON A STOLEN HORSE...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

PEPPER KARP WAS CLEVER...HE LEFT A TRAIL
EASY TO READ, HEADING FOR THE BADLANDS!
BUT HE DOUBLED BACK...

KEEP GOIN' IF YUH WANT
YUH STAY HEALTHY!



KARP WAS WAITING...EAGER TO GET REVENGE
FOR THE BAD LUCK THE TENDERFOOT HAD CAUSED...

I'M GOT SMART!
TOO SMART!

I WAS RIGHT! I'VE GOT
TO TAKE YOU BACK, KARP!



YESSIR, I DON'T
MISS AT...MEY!

YOU HIT THE COLT, KARP...
THE SAME GUN THAT JINKED
YOU ALL ALONG!



THERE'S A TRAIL HERE...KARP
MIGHT'VE TURNED OFF! I'LL
TAKE A LOOK!



KARP LAUGHED AND WAITED FOR HIS GUNS! HIS
HANDS WERE BLURS, THE COLTS LEAPING TO
HIS SKILLED FISTS! THE TENDERFOOT HAD
JUST STARTED TO DRAW...



LATER, AFTER THE SHERIFF HAD JAILED KARP
ONCE MORE...THIS TIME WITH A FEW EXTRA BRUISES...

KARP HAD BOTH GUNS OUT...HE FIRED ONCE
AND HIT THE GUN! I WENT DOWN AS IF A
HORSE KICKED ME! SEE! THE BULLET
SMASHED THE BUTT AND RICOCETED AWAY!
THEN I GRABBED HIM AND WE FOUGHT!
THE COLT WAS GOOD TO ME...BUT IT
RUINED PEPPER KARP!



End

LOOK KIDS! Big Powerful MAGIC MAGNIFIER

for your very own!
IT'S FREE!
JUST MAIL COUPON



HURRY
GET
YOURS
WHILE
THE
SUPPLY
LASTS!

STUDY
INSECTS
PLANT
LIFE
ROCKS
STAMPS
FINGER
PRINTS
ETC.
ETC.

**MAGNIFIER
SENT ABSOLUTELY
FREE!**



JUST CLIP AND MAIL COUPON
for FREE Magnifier, Big Catalog and Order of Salve

Yes - we'll send you the MAGIC MAGNIFIER absolutely FREE! Also - we'll send Salve, Pictures and Big Catalog showing dozens of wonderful premiums you can have. Cameras, Fishing Outfit, Dolls, Rifles, Rods, Watches, etc. (Send postpaid) SIMPLY OFF pictures with WHITE CLOVERING brand SALVE really sold to friends, relatives and neighbors or 50¢ a Tube (with Picture) Bulk coupon no return

MAIL COUPON BELOW! FIND OUT HOW WE GIVE YOU

MAGIC MAGNIFIER
BETTY & JIM
SOLVE BIG "JEWEL MYSTERY!"
WHILE "BUG WAPERS"...

THIS MAGNIFIER
MAKES THESE ANTS
LOOK LIKE ELEPHANTS!



THIS MUST BE A
ROBBER'S
HIDING
PLACE!
OH NO
IT ISN'T...



MANY WONDERFUL PREMIUMS or CASH

MAGIC MAGNIFIER COMES TO YOU FREE! ACT NOW!



WOW! THIS ONE'S
LUGGING A
BIG
PEARL!
YES,
AND HERE'S
HIS TRAIL-LET'S
FOLLOW
IT!
WHY IT LEADS
TO THIS OLD
TREE TRUNK!
GOLLY!
THERE'S THE
WHOLE
MISPLACED, A
RADIO, A WATCH,
A CAMERA...



THAT'S MY SECRET HIDE-OUT FOR ALL
THE SWELL PREMIUMS I EARNED SELLING
WHITE CLOVERING BRAND SALVE TO
MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!
GOSH!
YOU
TOO?!



MAIL COUPON - Magnifier sent FREE!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99-1, Tyrone, Pa. Note
Guarantee: Please send me on mail 14 colored art pictures with 14
tubes of White CLOVERING Brand SALVE to use at 50¢ a tube each
picture I will return enclosed within 30 days, before a Premium
or Cash Coupon can be exchanged when Premium wanted to
exactly sent with order, envelope paid to start the work to send my
FREE "MAGIC MAGNIFIER"

Name _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ R.D. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____
FIRST LAST
NAME HERE

Your coupon can postal mail or mail in envelope today

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 99-1, Tyrone, Pa.

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Rocky Lane

PRISONER-AT-LARGE

EEL WHEELER BRAGGED THAT NO JAIL COULD HOLD HIM... IF HE COULDN'T FIND A WAY OUT, HIS QUICK-DRAG PARTNER, RED DAVIS WOULD COME AND GET HIM! THE EEL WAS ROCKY'S PRISONER... AND ROCKY SWORE HE WOULDN'T OUTWIT HIM!

STAND STILL, LANE!
THIS SHOTGUN'S
LOADED WITH
BUCKSHOT!

I TOLD YUH, MARSHAL!
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME!



WELL, I
GOT YOUR
GUN FOR
YOU -
RIGHT?

WHAT? I'VE GOT YOUR GUN,
I GOT THE KEYS!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, ROCKY GRABBED
THE SHOTGUN...

I'LL TAKE
THAT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WASN'T SURPRISED WHEN A BLACKHAIRED DEPUTY APPEARED TWO DAYS LATER! HE HAD CREDENTIALS AND SHOWED THEM...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



THE DEPUTY ROODE OUT, HIS PRISONER QUIETLY RIDING AHEAD OF HIM! ROCKY LANE RAN FOR THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE WHEN THEY WERE OUT OF SIGHT...



THE SECRET MARSHAL STUCK CLOSE! HE WAS REWARDED THE SECOND DAY WHEN BEL WHEELER AND HIS PAL, RED DAVIS CAME TO THE SHACK...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE DELIVERED BOTH MEN TO THE STATE PENITENTIARY. HE TOLD THE STORY OF HOW HE RECOVERED THE CASH WHILE EEL WHEELER SNARLED...



END

AMAZING PRECISION MINIATURE SECRET CAMERA

Takes secret pictures! Easily carried in the palm of your hand —



Easily concealed under a flower in your hand! While they're kissing, you're photographing. Won't they be surprised. So many other ways to conceal this



Your girl friend and other beautiful beauties will all react to their natural pose and make a really picture collection. Through a flower is just one of the many ways to go about it!

LOOK! FREE!

Order right away and receive FREE one roll of fresh film enough for 10 pictures. Additional film available at only 10¢ per roll of 10 exposures.

ONLY
\$1.98



A precision built camera that is so amazingly small it is less than 1/2 the size of a regular pack of cigarettes and can be taken everywhere you go. It weighs only 2 1/2 ounces and is solid all metal construction with chrome trim. It's got a professional eye level view finder and a single action 1/25th second and time exposure shutter with a precision ground lens that assures you a clear, sharp instantaneous picture. It takes ten pictures per roll on low cost film (standard 16 MM). Makes for beautiful enlargements. So compact and precision made, it can be hidden anywhere and takes true-to-life "spy" pictures that should really provide you with loads of fun and interest. Only \$1.98 complete with a free roll of film. Don't delay! Order now.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

We know you'll have so much fun and excitement with your Secret Camera that we offer it to you at 10 Days Free Trial. Use it and if you're not 100% delighted with its performance, return it to us and your money will be refunded in full.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP. Dept. CA-29
35 Wilbur St. Lynbrook, N. Y.
Risk your Secret Camera and free roll of film for \$1.98 or more. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 Days Free Trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

- ☐ 1 cental payment. Same Money Back Guarantee.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage delivery plus a few cents postage.

Name _____

Address _____

BUILD YOUR OWN CANNON ONLY \$7.00 EACH



NAVAL 24 POUNDER.

The famous American gun that kept the enemy away from our shores! This easy-to-build, all plastic model kit contains 56 pieces!

ONLY
\$1.00
plus 10¢ postage

Now, for the first time, you can send for any or all of these beautiful, easy-to-build plastic model kits of famous American cannons. These precision made plastic models have been ordered from official photos.

Each cannon has metalized brass plated parts, rope, metal chain and full, easy-to-follow instructions. We believe you will find these new guns the finest historic authentic models you ever saw!

After you have set up and connected the pieces together, your friends and parents will gaze with admiration at the beauty of these cannons!

Rush coupon immediately with \$1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling for each cannon or \$2.30 for all three. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s

CIVIL WAR FIELD PIECE.

Famous in the war between the North and South! This kit contains 84 pieces!

ONLY **\$1.00**
plus 10¢ postage



GATLING GUN.

Early American machine gun. This model kit contains 44 pieces. plus 10¢ postage.

ONLY
\$1.00
plus 10¢ postage

Each kit is precision made and contains brass plated parts and rope and chain! Easy-to-follow instructions are included.

SEND COUPON IMMEDIATELY!

JOSELY CO., Dept. CSA NO C.O.D.'s
1472 Broadway, New York 34, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Rush the following to me,
____ Naval Gun @ \$1.10
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____ Gatling Gun @ \$1.10

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
Canadian and Foreign orders add 30¢ each per gun and send International Money Order.

Rocky Lane

100
MILES
TO
DANGER

GO, BLACKJACK! RUN,
BOY! NEVER MIND HIM!
HE WON'T BOTHER US
ANY MORE!

WHIP SAID TUH MAKE
SURE LANE DOESN'T
GET TUH BONANZA
IN TIME! I'LL...
ARRGHH!

WHIP AGGER
HAD MADE A
CHUMP OUT OF HIM.
ROCKY LANE REALIZ-
ED! HE'D BEEN DE-
CEYED TO HONDO... A
FULL HUNDRED MILES
FROM BONANZA WHERE
AGGER AND HIS GANG
MEANT TO STRIKE! BUT
BLACKJACK WAS AN
EXTREMELY FAST HORSE!

81522

WHIP AGGER HAD LEFT A LONG, TWISTING
TRAIL... BUT ROCKY LANE, MOUNTED ON
BLACKJACK, STAYED ON IT, NIGHT AND
DAY...

THERE'S TOO MANY
TRACKS HERE TO READ!
I GOTTA TAKE A CHANCE
ON ONE OR THE OTHER!
I'LL TRY HONDO FIRST!

HONDO - BONANZA

ZING!

THERE'S A GOOD SIZED
BANK IN HONDO! MAYBE
AGGER'S GONNA
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROCKY LANE DROVE FOR COVER! HE WAITED FOR ANOTHER SHOT BUT NONE CAME!

"YOU CAN USE A REST, BLACK JACK -- AND A MAN IN THE SADDLE IS EASIER TO HIT THAN A MAN WALKING!"

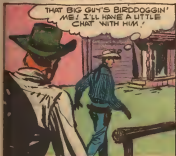


"AT LEAST ONE OF AGGER'S MEN CAME HERE! I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!"



AFTER RUBBING BLACK JACK DOWN AND GRADING HIM GOOD, THE SECRET MARSHAL DRIFTED AROUND...

"THAT BIG GUY'S BIRDDOGGIN' ME! I'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH HIM!"



DID WHIP AGGER TELL YOU TO FOLLOW ME, JENSON?

"DON'T BLUFF ME, LANE! I WON'T USE GUNS ON YUH-- I'LL RUIN YUH WITH MY HANDS!"



"I CAN'T SHOOT IF YUH DON'T DRAW! START THE PARTY, JENSON!"



JENSON TRIED TO GRAB THE MARSHAL AND HOLD HIM AS HE SWUNG! IT DIDN'T WORK...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



BOTH HORSE AND RIDER
WERE WEARY AS THEY
WIT TOWN! TO MARSHAL
LANE'S RELIEF, THE
TOWN LOOKED QUIET...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE ORE SMELTER OFFICE WAS STILL OPEN! THE LEAN, FAST HORSES OUTSIDE WERE AGGER'S...



DROP IT AND KEEP QUIET, MISTER!

I - I'M CONVINCED, LANE!



THEY WON'T HOLLER FOR A WHILE! WE'LL BE A LONG WAY FROM... IT'S ROCKY LANE!

DROP IT, AGGER!



WHIP AGGER AND HIS MEN WENT FOR THEIR GUNS! BUT ROCKY LANE'S COLT ROARED FIRST! AND THE FIGHT WAS OVER...

HAD ENOUGH, AGGER?



HERE'S SOME PRISONERS I RODE OVER FROM HONDO TUN ROUNO UP, SHERIFF! TAKE CHARGE -- I WANT TO TAKE CARE OF MY HORSE!

YUH COULDN'T RIDE THAT DISTANCE IN ONE DAY, LANE!



NO OTHER HORSE I EVER SAN COULD DO IT, SHERIFF -- BUT BLACKJACK DID! AND HE'S GONNA GET THE BEST FEED MONEY CAN BUY!



END

Just Justice

"What do you expect me to do?" challenged John Shope, owner of the Bar-L Ranch which was the biggest spread in the state. "Let him stay in jail? How much is it this time? Twenty-five dollars? Or fifty? Tell me the amount and then open the door and let Curly out. He's going back with me to the ranch."

Sheriff Jim Faber of Hogsansville didn't answer at once. You could see by the expression on his face that there was a lot on his mind. He walked over to the rack of rifles at the side of his office and took down an old Sharps gun.

"Remember this rifle, John?" he asked. "It was about twenty years ago that the two of us went out buffalo hunting. We ran into a bunch of Indians under Moscalero, but we held them off and saved our scalps. Maybe it was a hard and tough West in those days. Somewhere I came across the expression: Survival of the Fittest. We didn't have a father to go and plead for us. It was tough knocks and the ability to take them that counted. Then we parted. I became a law man and you went on to become about the richest cattle man in this here state. What's happened to you, John? You may raise the best stock this side of Mexico, but the kid you are raising isn't worthy to carry your brand."

John Shope clenched his two fists. Only a man who had fought side by side with him could earn the right to talk that way. But he wanted none of it, for when it came to his son the people rightly said that John Shope had a blind spot. His heir could do nothing wrong.

"I asked the amount of the fine and tell it to me now, Jim. I am taking Curly home with me."

"No you're not," contradicted the sheriff. "Curly is going to stand trial this time in a regular court."

For the moment John Shope was relieved. He

figured the matter would be brief and simple.

"So take him over to Judge Prescott and let's have it finished. So the Judge will fine him. I don't care what amount. I'll pay it".

"Judge Prescott was taken to the hospital at Fort Sill," explained the sheriff. "So he can't hold court. The law provides that in such a case the judge in any court in the adjoining county can hear the case. He's going to Pecos County for trial."

"I say he doesn't leave this county!" shouted an angered rancher who walked closer to the sheriff.

"You make a lot of noise at your age and it really isn't fitting and proper that one should defy the law," interrupted a voice.

Quickly John Shope spun around on his two feet. There at the entrance to the sheriff's office was a man dressed in a Prince Albert outfit. The long coat was the trademark of the most famous law man of the West. The Prince Albert Kid smiled. His cartridge belt was filled completely. His two pearl handled .45 Colts swung easily in their hand stitched holsters. The rancher said nothing this time. He left the office and the Prince Albert Kid stepped aside. Then he walked in.

"This looks like real trouble, Jim. But you want it that way."

"Yes, I want it that way," replied the sheriff.

"It's a long shot. But I figure we must save Curly before it is too late. Some day he'll run up against a real bad man who will fill him full of lead. He must learn now that he is not above the law. The law was made for every man regardless of whether he be the poorest or the richest in the state. And so long as I wear my badge of office I will see it that way. In addition I owe a debt to John Shope. He did save my life in that fight with the Apaches when Moscalero ran wild. So the least I can do to

repay him is to try to make a man out of his son."

"Get Curly out of the cell in a hurry," advised the Prince Albert Kid. "My horse is outside. Tie Curly onto his horse. I will take him to court. It will be a three day trip and we may have to go short on rations, but I want to get started before his father gets the men from the ranch after us."

Curly Shope was young and carefree. The key clicked in the cell door. He was still wearing a pair of handcuffs. The sheriff took him out the back door and got him onto his horse. Then his legs were tied under the horse.

"Is this some kind of a game?" he asked without a bit of worry in his voice or on his face. "I heard my father's voice before. Figure he was here to bail me out or to pay the fine."

The sheriff said nothing. He gave the reins to the Prince Albert Kid who was already on his horse.

"I'll take the short cut up the mountains and then across the desert," he said.

Curly recognized the famous lawman of the West. He said nothing for he figured he was going on some kind of adventure. Whatever happened he knew he would have a story to tell. And sooner or later his father and the men from the ranch would come after them. The horses went at a forced pace. The Prince Albert Kid prepared the meals.

For three days they travelled and finally they came to the town of Langtry. They stopped before a place which bore the legend: Law West of the Pecos. The Prince Albert Kid untied the feet of the young man and brought him inside. Curly noticed an elderly man with a white beard seated at a table. The fame of Judge Roy Bean was just starting to spread not only all over Texas but also over the rest of the States that helped Texas realize there were other parts of the Union.

"Haven't seen you for some time," greeted the Judge. "What did the prisoner do? Hold up a stage coach? Or try his hand at rustling?"

"He shot up the bar at Hogshead," explained the Prince Albert Kid. "His father is John Shope. He has a standing order for his bank to pay for all damages caused by this his one and only offspring."

"If I weren't so tired I think I would spank him," replied Judge Roy Bean. "Nothing like the switch." Then he turned to Curly.

"You shot up the bar? Yes or No answer."

"Of course," grinned Curly. "Now fine me and let me get home."

"Five days in our jail," sentenced the Judge. "If there is another case then court is continued. If not, it is adjourned."

The startled youth was taken outside for a short walk by two men, his hands still in hand-

cuffs. Then he was stopped before a large tree.

"Jail burned down last week," explained one of the men. "So we tie you to this tree with a nice strong chain. There's a chair on which you can sit down when tired. I'll bring you something to eat."

Curly was about to give a yell that would put an Indian to shame when a pretty girl came over to him. She looked him up and down and he started to blush.

"Are they going to hang you?" she asked.

"No," he explained. "Five days that old Judge gave me. He doesn't seem to realize who my father is."

"You are mixed up a bit," she corrected him. "You don't seem to realize who the judge is."

Curly learned that her name was Helen Barnett. She brought him pie, cakes, and other delightful items which she had baked herself. It rained one day and she brought him a slicker. But Curly felt bad about one thing.

"My dad would do anything for me. We have enough hands to fight a war. Why didn't he come to rescue me?"

"Rescue you?" teased the young lady. "That would be helping you in a jail break. I am certain your father respects the law. We also happen to have twenty-five Texas Rangers quartered at the other end of the town. I understand they did stop a man with some cowboys following him. There was a talk and he went back home."

At the end of his sentence, Curly was freed. He went up to the house where Helen lived and came right to the point.

"That jail sentence around the tree gave me a chance to do some clear thinking," he told her. "About time I grew up and realized I was a man living in a man's world. I need a wife to help me so let's get hitched."

"But you don't know much about me," she told him.

"The leaves on the tree told me you happen to be an orphan niece of Judge Roy Bean. Let him marry us."

Later Curly would learn that his father had overheard the sheriff tell the reason he was taking the action. It hit home. John Shope did follow his son but not to cause any trouble. He remained outside Langtry on orders from the Prince Albert Kid. And he reappeared to be at his son's wedding. Judge Roy Bean took care of the ceremony.

"Ordinary marriage fee is two dollars," he told the couple.

"But one like this would be seven dollars because the tree did its part. However since the bride is my niece, the wedding is on me, but if I ever get Curly here again I'll jail him for life and fine him everything he's got."

THE END

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

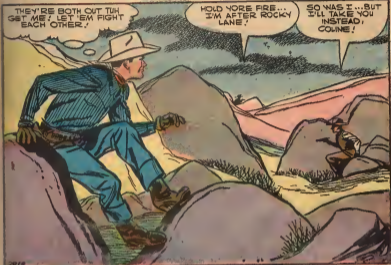
Rocky Lane

IN THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR PART I

THEY'RE BOTH OUT TUN
GET ME! LET 'EM FIGHT
EACH OTHER!

HOLD YORE FIRE...
I'M AFTER ROCKY
LANE!

SO WAS I...BUT
I'LL TAKE YOU
INSTEAD,
COLINE!



THE COUNTY WAS NEW AND RAW--THE SAME IRON MEN WHO SEIZED THE LAND FROM THE INDIANS AND FOUGHT THE ELEMENTS NOW TURNED ON EACH OTHER! ABE TALLEY'S BIG CREW WAS SWORN TO GUN ANY OF DUKE MANTON'S MEN ON SIGHT--AND BOTH CREWS WERE AFTER ROCKY LANE, WHOSE ONLY CONCERN WAS TO RESTORE PEACE!

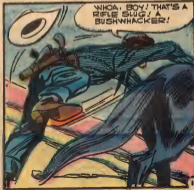
© 1917

MARSHAL ROCKY LANE HAD NO LAN BUSINESS
IN LINCOLN COUNTY WHEN HE FIRST RODE
THROUGH...

QUIET, BLACK-JACK!
THERE ARE NO OWLHOOTERS
AROUND!



WHOA, BOY! THAT'S A
RIFLE SLUG! A
BUSHWHACKER!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



THAT RANNY'S HAVIN' A GOOD TIME NOW-- HE WON'T WHEN I GET UP TO HIM!



THE FIGHTING MARSHAL EEELED THROUGH THE BRUSH! HE TOOK TIME TO CIRCLE AROUND AND...

HOW'D YUH GET...



TALK, BUSTER! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST ROCKY LANE?

ROCKY LANE? I THOUGHT YUH WORKED FOR DUKE MANTON! THIS LAND IS ABE TALLEY'S... WE GOT ORDERS TUH SHOOT AT MANTON'S MEN!



GO BACK AN' TELL YOUR BOSS ROCKY LANE SAYS HE'D BETTER GIVE NEW ORDERS OR I'LL PUT HIM IN JAIL! BEAT IT!

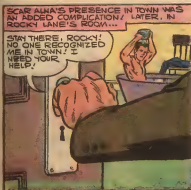


THERE'S TROUBLE, BLACKJACK! TALLEY AND MANTON ARE THE BIGGEST RANCHERS IN THE STATE! WHEN THEY BATTLE, IT'S A WAR!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE MARSHAL SAW OTHER EVIDENCE OF RANGE WAR AS HE RODE INTO YUCCA CITY. EVERY RIDER HE SAW WAS ARMED TO THE TEETH...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE MARSHAL KNEW A FEW MEN IN TOWN! HE FOUND ONE OLD TIMER, HANK BAKER, AND GOT THE STORY...

...BUSHWHACKED TALLEY'S FOREMAN! THEN, DUKE MANTON'S NEPHEW WAS FOUND THE SAME WAY! BOTH SIDES SWEAR THE OTHERS ARE WRONG!

TALLEY AND MANTON ARE SQUARE!

SOMEONE ELSE MAY BE PLAYIN' GAMES! I SENT NOTES TO MANTON AND TALLEY TO MEET FOR A PARLEY!

BOTH RANCHERS WERE WAITING ON NEUTRAL GROUND! THE FAMOUS LAMMAN MOTIONED THEM CLOSER AND BUILT A FIRE...

THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE IF TALLEY'S MAN DIDN'T DOWN MY NEPHEW!

THAT'S A LIE! NONE OF MY MEN DID IT! BUT MY FOREMAN WAS...

THAT'S ENOUGH!

I DON'T THINK EITHER OF YUH DID WHAT YUH ACCUSE EACH OTHER OF! I THINK IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE! NOW, BOTH OF YUH GO HOME, CALL OFF YORE MEN! LET ME SETTLE ON WHO SHOT WHO! NOW, BEAT IT!

THEY'LL DO IT... UNLESS SCAR ALNA PULLS A BUSHWHACKIN' STUNT AGAIN!

A MOMENT LATER, TWO SHOTS RANG OUT, AND BOTH RANCHERS FELL, VICTIMS OF BUSHWHACKERS' LEAD...

YUH... WERE RIGHT... ROCKY! SCAR... ALNA... DID IT...

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

BOTH FACTIONS WERE READY FOR WAR ONCE MORE! ROCKY LANE RODE FOR TOWN AS SOON AS MEN ARRIVED TO CARE FOR THE DOWNED RANCHERS...

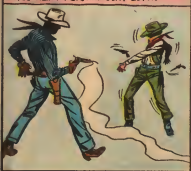


HOLD IT, SCAR! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, LAWMAN!

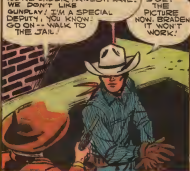


SCAR WENT FOR HIS GUN, BUT...



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, LANE! WE DON'T LIKE GUNPLAY! I'M A SPECIAL DEPUTY, YOU KNOW! GO ON -- WALK TO THE JAIL!

I GET THE PICTURE NOW, BRADEN! IT WON'T WORK!



IT HAS WORKED, LANE! WE'LL KEEP YOU HERE TIL THINGS QUIET DOWN. IT WILL KEEP YOU OUT OF OUR HAIR FOR A WHILE.



LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT, ROCKY AWAKENED TO FIND A STRANGER IN THE CELL...

WHAT'S UP? WHO ARE YOU?

THE GOVERNOR SENT ME! I'M HERE TO GET YOU OUT!



Rocky Lane

THE HIGH PRICE OF PEACE PART 2

THE STRANGER IN THE CELL WHO SAID HE WANTED TO HELP SOUNDED FISHY TO THE FIGHTING MARSHAL! BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE-- HE HAD TO HAVE HELP FROM SOMEONE, THOUGH HE KNEW THIS MAN WASN'T FROM THE GOVERNOR!

GO AHEAD, LANE!
WE AIN'T GOT MUCH
TIME! GET OUT THAT
DOOR-- THERE'S A
HORSE WAITIN'
OUTSIDE!

HE'S TOO EAGER FOR
ME TO STEP OUTSIDE!
I'LL LET HIM GO
FIRST!



ROCKY LANE SLOWED DOWN, PAUSED, AND HIS BENEFACTOR PUT OUT A HAND TO PUSH HIM TO HIS DEATH! BUT THE MARSHAL WAS READY AND...

YOU FIRST,
BUSTER!

NO! HOLD IT,
MEN!



GET HIM! LANE'S TRYING TO
BREAK OUT OF JAIL!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



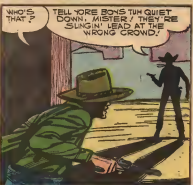
"THEY HAD IT RIGGED NICE AND NEAT! THEY NAIL ME BREAKING SAIL AND THERE'S NO QUESTIONS ASKED!"

THERE WAS MORE SHOOTING IN THE STREET... ROCKY KNEW THE TALLEY CREW AND MANTON'S OUTFIT WERE SNIPING AT EACH OTHER...



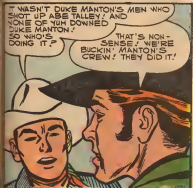
I NEED HIS GUNS AND HE'LL BE ONE LESS TO WORRY ABOUT!

PSST! IN HERE, QUICK!



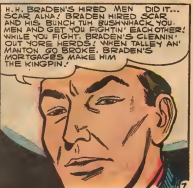
WHO'S THAT?

TELL YORE BOYS TUN QUIET DOWN, MISTER! THEY'RE SLINGIN' LEAD AT THE WRONG CROWD!



IT WASN'T DUKE MANTON'S MEN WHO SHOT UP ABE TALLEY! AND NONE OF YUH DOWNED DUKE MANTON! SO WHO'S DOING IT?

THAT'S NON-SENSE! WE'RE BUCKIN' MANTON'S CREW! THEY DID IT!



H.H. BRADEN'S HRED MEN DID IT... SCAR ALNA! BRADEN HIRED SCAR AND HIS BUNCH TUN BUSHNACK YOU MEN AND GET YOU FIGHTIN' EACH OTHER! WHILE YOU FIGHT, BRADEN'S CLEANIN' OUT YORE HERDS! WHEN TALLEY AN' MANTON GO BROKE, BRADEN'S MORTGAGES MAKE HIM THE KINGPIN!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

IT MAKES SENSE... WE'LL WAIT AN' SEE! HEAR THAT, BOYS? LAY OFF MANTON'S GANG IF YOU CAN HELP IT!



DUKE MANTON'S CREW WAS CAMPED OUTSIDE OF TOWN. ROCKY LANE HAD TO CONVINCE THEM TOO...

TALLEY'S MEN AGREED TUN WAIT--GNE ME A CHANCE TO CATCH SCAR ALNA AND HIS MEN! YOU MEN JUST KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR HERDS!

ALL RIGHT, LANE, WE'LL WAIT! BUT IF YUH'RE WRONG.



H.W. BRADEN WAS SMOKED OUT IN THE OPEN. HE HAD TO FINISH HIS BUSINESS BEFORE TALLEY AND MANTON RECOVERED!

RAD BOTH HERDS... DRIVE THE BEEF INTO MEXICO! WHEN IT'S DONE, I'LL CALL IN BOTH NOTES AND TAKE OVER THE RANCHERS.

WE'LL DO THE DIRTY WORK, BRADEN! JUST KEEP US OUT OF JAIL!



THERE THEY GO, BLACKJACK! THEY'LL GET CAUGHT RED-HANDED-- THEN THE FUN WILL BEGIN!

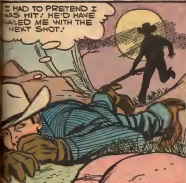


THE HERDS WERE NEAR THE RIO GRANDE ALNA'S CREW WAS HEADED THAT WAY, ROCKY LANE CLOSE BEHIND WHEN...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I HAD TO PRETEND I WAS HIT! HE'D HAVE NAILED ME WITH THE NEXT SHOT!



BRADEN'LL PAY PLENTY FOR...
OOOOF!



WHERE'S ALNA GOIN' NEXT? TALK FAST!

HE'LL CUT TALLEY'S HERD TOWARD THE BORDER! THEN SWING OVER TUH COLLECT MANTON'S BEEF!

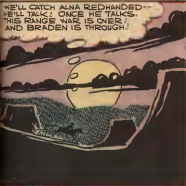


THAT WAS ALL THE MARSHAL HAD TO KNOW! HE RODE HARD AND FAST...

MOUNT UP-- SCAR ALNA'S ON HIS WAY TUH RAID YOUR HERD! TALLEY'S BUNCH'LL HELP-- DON'T START A RUCKUS WITH THEM!



WE'LL CATCH ALNA REDHANDED-- HE'LL TALK! ONCE HE TALKS, THIS RANGE WAR IS OVER! AND BRADEN IS THROUGH!



ALNA'S MEN WERE PUSHING BEEF SOUTH, BUT THE FASTEST GUNMEN WERE STANDING GUARD...

LANE AN' A BUNCH ARE HEADIN' THIS WAY! DROP BACK TUH THE ROCKS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE FIGHTING MARSHAL KNEW MEN WOULD BE HIT... BUT HE LED THE TWO CREWS A HEADLONG CHARGE AT SCAR, ALNA'S GANG...

GET HIM! BRADEN PROMISED A THOUSAND TUH WHOEVER DOWNNS LANE!

THAT'LL BE HARD TUH COLLECT, ALNA!



I GNE... UNNGH!

SCAR AND HIS GANG WENT TO PRISON! AND H.W. BRADEN, FOUND HIMSELF LOCK UP TOO! ALL WERE SURE TO BE CONVICTED--AND THE RANGE WAR ENDED!

SHAKE HANDS, YOU TWO! NEXT TIME, DON'T LET A GUY LIKE BRADEN NEEDLE YOU INTO A RANGE WAR!

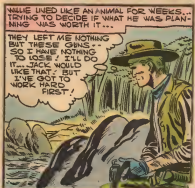


END

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HIS BROTHER'S GUNS

THEY WERE TWINS, BUT ONLY ONE OF THEM HAD A GOOD REPUTATION! MEN SAID JACK McGRATH WOULDN'T BACK DOWN FOR SATAN... AND THE SAME MEN SNEERED WHEN WILLIE'S NAME WAS MENTIONED! JACK'S GRAVE ON BOOT HILL WAS COVERED WITH FRESH FLOWERS BY JACK'S FRIENDS DAILY... AND THOSE SAME FRIENDS LOOKED THE OTHER WAY WHEN HIS BROTHER WAS DRIVEN FROM HIS HOME!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WILLIE McGRATH HAD ALWAYS BEEN SMARTER AND A HARDER WORKER THAN HIS BROTHER! WHEN HE BEGAN LEARNING THE ART OF THE QUICK DRAW, HE DID A THOROUGH JOB...

IF I CROUCH A LITTLE, AND ROLL MY WRIST, I GET THE GUN ON TARGET FASTER...

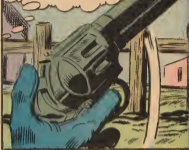


WILLIE McGRATH DIDN'T BURN A SHELL FOR A MONTH... THEN HE SPENT ANOTHER TWO MONTHS PRACTICING WITH LIVE AMMUNITION...

JACK COULD NEVER SHOOT THAT GOOD...OR DRAW THAT FAST!



BUT IF I PULL AND JAB IT AT THE TARGET, PULLING THE HAMMER BACK AS I GRAB THE GUN, I DO IT FASTER! THAT'S THE WAY I'LL DO IT!



BE SURE, WILLIE! DON'T BECOME ANOTHER GUNSLINGER LIKE THE MEN YOU'RE AFTER!

I WON'T, MR. LAKE!



WAIT'LL THEY SEE ME WEARIN' GUNS... THEY'LL BUST THEIR SIDES LAUGHIN'...



BUT WHEN THE SHOOTIN'S OVER, I'LL BE THE ONE ENJOYIN' THE LAUGH...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE MEN WHO'D TAKEN WILLIE'S RANCH WERE WAITING! THEY WERE CONTEMPTUOUS WHEN HE STEPPED INTO THEIR HANGOUT...

WELL, WELL, THE McGRATH TINKHORN IS BACK!

I'M WEARIN' THE GUNS, ADLER, NOT CARRYIN' THEM!



GET OFF MY RANCH, ADLER, AN' DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN! UNDERSTAND?

WATCH HIM, AD. HE MEANS BUSINESS!



SUDDENLY, THEY WEREN'T LAUGHING! ADLER STEPPED BACK, HIS EYES GUTTERING -- HIS BUDDY READY TO HORN IN FROM THE SIDE...

GET HIM, GUS!



YOU'RE SLOW... WAY TOO SLOW!



WHAT IS IT, WILLIE?

THEY JUMPED ME, MARSHAL! THEY'LL BE LEAVIN' TOWN!



I'LL TAKE THESE OFF NOW! I'LL USE 'EM AGAIN ONLY WHEN I HAVE A MIGHTY GOOD REASON TO DO SO!

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, WILLIE! I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU HAD AS MUCH SAND AS YOUR BROTHER! WE'D BE PROUD T'U SEE YUH USE HIS GUNS!



WESTERN WINKERS

THE PONY EXPRESS PLEDGE

I DO HEREBY SWEAR BEFORE THE GREAT AND LIVING GOD THAT DURING MY ENGAGEMENT WITH RUSSELL, MAJORS, AND WADDELL, I WILL UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES USE PROFANE LANGUAGE; THAT I WILL DRINK NO INTOXICATING LIQUORS; THAT I WILL NOT QUARREL OR FIGHT WITH OTHER EMPLOYEES OF THE FIRM; AND THAT IN EVERY RESPECT I WILL CONDUCT MYSELF HONESTLY, BE FAITHFUL IN MY DUTIES, AND SO DIRECT ALL MY ACTS AS TO WIN THE CONFIDENCE OF MY EMPLOYERS. SO HELP ME GOD.



2984

THIS PLEDGE WAS TAKEN BY THE TOUGH, STRONG MEN WHO ALLOWED NOTHING TO BAR THEIR TRAIL...

SCALPLESS ROBINSON



EDWARD ROBINSON HAD LOST HIS SCALP FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE WITH DANIEL BOONE. THOUGH WOUNDED AND SCALPED, HE DID NOT DIE. WHEN HEALED, HE USED A KERCHIEF FOR A SCALP AND CONTINUED HIS EXPERIENCES FARTHER WEST...

Rocky Lane

ONE WAY PASSAGE

THAT SHOOPIN' MARSHAL'S HERE. BOYS! GET HIM BEFORE HE CLIMBS OUT!



THREE OUTLAWS WITH SMOKING COLTS WAITED ON THE BANK FOR ROCKY LANE -- THEY'D THROW LEAD AT THE SECRET MARSHAL THE INSTANT HE APPEARED! AND THE ROARING RIVER TORE AT HIM, TRYING TO DRAG HIM BACK, TO SMASH HIM ON THE ROCKS AS THE RIVER HAD EVERY OTHER MAN WHO DARED THE MURDEROUS RAPIDS!

I'M COMIN' FOR YUH, LOGART! I WARNED YUH I WOULD CATCH UP WITH YOU AND YOUR GANG!



IT WAS A LONG TRAIL THE SECRET MARSHAL RODE! IT BEGAN WITH A HOLD-UP IN A CATTLE TOWN WEEKS BEFORE...

...GOT...ONE! LOGART'S MAKING AN... ESCAPE... GOT TO... SEND FOR... ROCKY LANE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

IT WAS A COLD TRAIL THAT ROCKY LANE FOLLOWED TWO DAYS LATER! BUT HE KNEW HE WAS CLOSE WHEN HE RODE INTO ROUND-UP...

THERE'S THEIR HORSES! THEY MUST'VE BEEN MIGHTY THIRSTY WHEN THEY GOT THIS FAR!



YOU'RE LOGART, AREN'T YOU?



YEAH, I'M BRAINS LOGART! YOU MUST BE ROCKY LANE! ONE OF THE BOYS RECOGNIZED HIM!

UH HUH! DEEDEE COYLE! HE'S HIDIN' IN THE KITCHEN, I RECKON! WITH A COLT POINTED MY WAY!



THE KITCHEN DOOR WINNERED AT HIS WORDS AND IN THE SAME SECOND, A .45 SLUG SMASHED THE DOOR WIDE OPEN...

COME ON OUT, COYLE! JOIN THE PARTY!



THIS IS THE SAME MONEY THAT WAS STOLEN FROM THE BANK, LOGART! YOU THREE ARE UNDER ARREST!

IT WON'T BE THAT EASY, LANE!



ROCKY LANE HEARD THE WHISPERED SCUFF OF FEET BEHIND HIM... HE STARTED TO TURN TOO LATE...

WHEN BILL SLUGS 'EM, THEY STAY SLUGGED! WHAT NOW, BRAINS?

WE RIDE! NOT EVEN LANE CAN FOLLOW US INTO THE NEEDLES! WE'LL REST UP A WHILE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



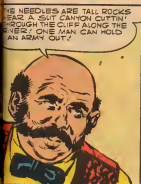
OH SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MARSHAL? WELL SURE SWING THAT COLT!

I'LL BE FINE! WHICH WAY DID THEY RIDE?

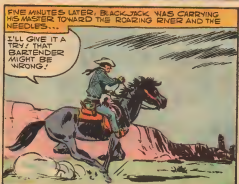


LOGART MENTIONED THE NEEDLES! THAT'S OVER ON THE ROARIN' RIVER! NO LAWYAN CAN GET IN THERE!

WHY? WHAT'S IT LIKE?

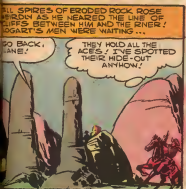


THE NEEDLES ARE TALL ROCKS NEAR A SUT CANYON CUTTIN' THROUGH THE CLIFF ALONG THE RIVER! ONE MAN CAN HOLD AN ARMY OUT!



FIVE MINUTES LATER, BLACKJACK WAS CARRYING HIS MASTER TOWARD THE ROARING RIVER AND THE NEEDLES...

I'LL GIVE IT A TRY! THAT BARTENDER MIGHT BE WRONG!



ALL SPIRES OF ERODED ROCK ROSE BIRDON AS HE NEARED THE LINE OF CLIFFS BETWEEN HIM AND THE RIVER! LOGART'S MEN WERE WAITING...

GO BACK, LANE!

THEY HOLD ALL THE ACES! I'VE SPOTTED THEIR HIDE-OUT ANYHOW!



I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU TAKE THIS HAND, LOGART!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE ROARING RIVER'S THUNDER WAS MUTED ON THAT SIDE OF THE CLIFF -- BUT WHEN BLACKJACK TOOK HIM OVER THE CLIFFS TO THE RIVER EDGE, THE NOISE WAS AWESOME...

WE'RE GOING TO TRY IT, BLACKJACK! THESE LOGS WILL MAKE A GOOD RAFT AFTER I ROPE THEM TOGETHER!



THE SECRET MARSHAL WORKED CAREFULLY AND FAST! THE FOUR LOGS LASHED TOGETHER LOOKED FLIMSY BUT THEY'D HAVE TO DO...

EASY, BLACKJACK! HERE WE GO!



EASY, BOY! WE'LL BE OUT OF THIS IN A MINUTE!



THE BRUTAL CURRENTS PULLED THE TWO DOWN AND THEN BATTERED THEM ON THE BOULDER STRENN BOTTOM! THEN, THEY WERE SWIMMING TOWARD QUIET WATER...

YUH HAD NERVE, LANE -- BUT YORE LUCK JUST RAN OUT! GET HIM, BOYS!



I DIDN'T RUN THE RAPIDS TUH GNE UP THAT EASY! I'M COMIN' FOR YUH!



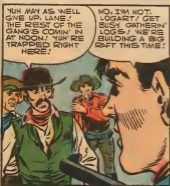
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



YOU MEN GOT BUCK FEVER -- BUT I WON'T MISS!



YUH TALK A GOOD FIGHT, LOGART!



YUH MAY AS WELL GIVE UP, LANE! THE REST OF THE GANG'S COMIN' IN AT NOON! YUH'RE TRAPPED RIGHT HERE!

NO, I'M NOT, LOGART! GET BUSY GATHERIN' LOGS! WE'RE BUILDING A BIG RAFT THIS TIME!

MORE THAN ONE GANG USED THE NEEDLES AS A HIDE-OUT! AND AS THE RAFT WAS COMPLETED, COMPANY ARRIVED...



PUSH, LOGART! THEY'RE OUT TO GET ME -- AN IF THEY HIT YOU, THEY WON'T CARE!

THE TERROR FILLED CANYONS FLASHED BY AS THE RIVER SHOT THEM DOWNSTREAM! AND AT LAST THEY CAME OUT INTO CALM WATER...

WE SPOTTED THE LOG WITH THE NOTE YUH SENT DOWN, ROCKY! NICE GOIN'!

I FIGURED YOU'D SEE ONE OF THE NOTES I SENT, SHERIFF!



LOGART'S NOT SO TOUGH ANY MORE! WANT TUH TRY THE RAPIDS AGAIN, BRAINS?

NO! I'LL TAKE A PRISON RAPE! IT'LL TAKE A YEAR FOR ME TO STOP SHAKIN' AFTER THAT RIDE!



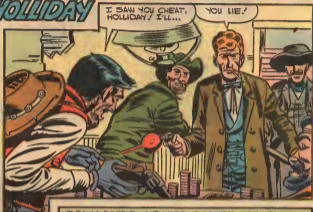
END

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WESTERN IMMORTALS

DOC HOLLIDAY

THE COOLEST GUNMAN IN THE WEST... A CONTEMPORARY OF 'NATT EARP, BAT MASTERSON AND THE OTHER GREAT GUNFIGHTERS HAS ORIGINALLY A DUDE FROM GEORGIA WHO DIDN'T KNOW A COLT FROM A DENTIST'S DRILL UNTIL HE HIT TEXAS! BUT THEN, HE LEARNED FAST...
52110



HE SAW A DOCTOR...AND WAS TOLD TO HEAD WEST FOR A DRIER CLIMATE! HE FOUND ONE, IN DALLAS! IT WAS DRIER--BUT A LOT DEADLIER...

THEY'RE ALL EXPERT GUNMEN! IF I'M STAYING, I'D BETTER LEARN FAST!



YUH AM TUN CARRY 'EM ALL AT ONCE?

I WILL--AFTER I'M EXPERT IN THE USE OF THEM.



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HOLIDAY WAS A PERFECTIONIST. HE PRACTICED FOR MONTHS-- THEN HE JUDGED HIMSELF CAPABLE AND BACKED DOWN FROM NO MAN...



"YUH HEARD ME, DUDE! GIMME ROOM OR I'LL SHOOT YORE BUTTONS OFF!"

STEP OUTSIDE, SIR!



HE DREW AN' FRED LIKE HE WAS PRACTICIN'!



GOOD SHOT...

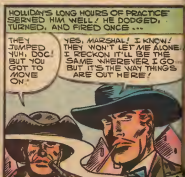
HE'LL NEED A DOCTOR-- BUT HE'LL LIVE!



DOC WAS FEARED IN A VERY SHORT TIME / LAN ABIDING CITIZENS UKED HIM BUT NOT THE OUTLAWS...



LOOK OUT, DOC!



HOLIDAY'S LONG HOURS OF PRACTICE SERVED HIM WELL / HE DODGED, TURNED, AND FIRED ONCE ...

THEY JUMPED YUH, DOC! BUT YOU GOT TO MOVE ON!

YES, MARSHAL! I KNOW! THEY WON'T LET ME ALONE. I RECKON IT'LL BE THE SAME WHEREVER I GO-- BUT IT'S THE WAY THINGS ARE OUT HERE!

END

Founder's Day at Fondersville

"Unless somebody comes up with a brilliant idea," remarked Mayor Ernest Wright, "Fondersville will become a ghost town within the next ten years. The Central decides to build a spur line to Carterstown. Gentlemen, do you realize what that means? First of all, the ranchers will drive their stock to Carterstown. Second, they will spend all their money in that town and not here. Third, it means the State Bank of Carterstown will grow in importance."

The members of the town council realize the seriousness of the situation. They talked quietly among themselves for the next five minutes. Then Helen Faber, whose father owned the Bor-M Ranch spoke.

"Actually what we need is a plan that will cause the Santa Fe to build a spur line to our town. After all, the Santa Fe and the Central are bitter competitors for business. There must be something we can do."

"Am I late for the meeting?" interrupted the friendly voice of John Clum, owner and publisher of the Fondersville Weekly.

"If things go the way they have been going," sourly remarked Bill Hartman, owner of the general store, "there may be a few more meetings of the council for any of us to attend."

"Don't be so downhearted," smiled the editor. "I have in my hand the annual check sent to me by Leonard Fonder, the grandson of the beloved founder of our city. He subscribes to my weekly paper. I also have several clippings about this youth. Gentlemen, did you know that he is crazy about the wild West? He seems to want to relive the days when his grandfather was an Indian scout, miner, and then a cattle man. You all know that this youth is a millionaire but there is something none of us knew. The vast estate left to him by his father consists of a controlling interest in the Santa Fe. If for some reason we could get that youth to

visit this town and like it, you surely can figure out the result. Would he not help us in getting a railroad track right up to our doors?"

Again there was discussion but this time it became heated. Finally, William Allen, president of the National Bank came up with a very attractive idea.

"Let us have a day to celebrate. We will call it Founder's Day at Fondersville. To honor the memory of the man who started our wonderful little city. Naturally we invite Mr. Leonard Fonder. In fact we send a delegation East to deliver the invitation in person. And among that delegation will be Miss Helen Faber, her father, and our mayor.

We will grow beards. We will take out the old clothing worn by our ancestors. We will turn this town into something that looked like the days of the Old West. In fact we will even get Chief Big Hand to help us. I personally subscribe a thousand dollars to such a fund which will pay the needed expenses for the celebration. We all have a deep vital interest in keeping this town going."

Within a week sufficient money was subscribed by ranchers, miners, and other business men to the fund. Sheriff Jim Corbin paid a visit to his old friend, Chief Big Hand and explained the idea to him.

"Not a bad idea," admitted the chief. "If you could turn back the little hands of Father Time to yesterday, then that would give my tribe back all the lands that Hiram Fonder got from that fight against us. But we will help you."

"One thing is important," warned the sheriff. "Drop that perfect English of yours and speak something like an Easterner would expect an Indian to speak."

"Can I be blamed if the government of this country insisted on giving me a college education?" teased the chief. "But don't worry. We will send East for blankets, weapons, and make

up kits. He'll get wild Indians or my nome isn't Chief Big Hand."

Two weeks later the delegation visited the Long Island home of Leonard Fonder. He listened to their invitation, but his eyes were only for a young lady with her blond hair tied behind her head; a leather skirt adorned with indian symbols; a tan shirt; and a pair of western riding boots that showed off her attractive feet.

"Come and see my Western Collection in the rumpus room," he told them.

The rumpus room was as large as any five big rooms put together. On one wall was a collection of old revolvers, Indian war bonnets, bows, arrows, tomahawks, and knives were on the opposite walls. The visitors could see that the youth had a bad case of Westernitis.

"You will stay at our ranch as our guest," invited Helen Faber.

"With me around you are safe from the Indians," he replied.

"I will leave with you at once. Just want to get a few things together."

Eight trunks later, the party was on its way back to Fondersville.

It had taken a lot of effort to find an old time stage and more efforts to put it into shape. Ben Davis was chosen to be the stage driver. They met the train at Arrow Junction. Leonard Fonder was thrilled.

"I'll sit next to the driver," he said.

On the road home over the dirt and steep roads it was becoming evident that Ben Davis either was out of condition or never had been a stage driver fifty years ago. When they went downhill trouble began as the horses started to go wild.

"Give me those reins," ordered the young Easterner.

The four powerful horses soon learned they had a master hand guiding them, they obeyed his every command. When the trip was finished, the people inside were puzzled, but said nothing as the stage stopped in front of the bank. The town was full of banners. People were shooting their six guns loaded with blank cartridges. Everyone was happy.

The next week was devoted to many things, but most important of all was the fact that the youth never left the sides of Helen Faber. However he did upset everybody. When he visited Chief Big Hand he was given an indian blanket as a present.

"Cheap stuff," he informed the chief. "This was made by the Parsons Mills. You can buy better stuff from the Howard Mills. I should know, I own both outfits."

He was very critical of the stock at the ranch. He told Helen's father in no uncertain terms what was wrong.

"You are way behind the times on cross

breeding. Let me give you a present of fifty bulls from the Templeton Experimental Station at Winston. I own the place. Remember, you are raising stock for a public that wants Grade A meat. My friend Dr. Johnson can give you a lot of suggestions for he's top man at the State Agricultural College."

Into the town come two uninvited guests who had plans and ideas. Sam Chibor had gone over the idea with his pal, Burt Kidder.

"We hold up the bank. Those fools only have blunks in their six guns, and the bullets in their cartridge belts have no powder. Only for show. They won't stand in our way. The money is piling up in the bank and it's ours for the asking. We'll cut over the mountain range and head for Mexico."

So on Friday afternoon the two lawless men entered the National Bank. Business had been very good in the town. There were piles of paper money and silver dollars on the president's desk. Helen was holding the arm of the Easterner she had decided to try and keep in the West.

"Don't move folks," warned Sam Chibor. "This gun has real bullets in it. Want me to show you."

He fired a bullet at the glass on the teller's cage and cracked it. His partner scooped up the money.

"You can't get away with this," warned Leonard Fonder. "Terrible things happen to men who hold up banks in the West."

"Aw shut up and go home and read your dime stories about the West."

The two men backed out of the bank with their guns ready for action. Suddenly, Leonard threw Helen to the floor with his left hand, his right hand went for a snub nosed .38 in a special shoulder holster. Firing twice, the two held up men each hit the ground next to each other. Then the youth walked over to them.

"I forgot to tell you that I was appointed a Special U.S. Marshall for the fourth district."

The sheriff arrived and threw the two wounded men into the jail after they had received medical attention. Helen came right to the point.

"You knew all the time we were doing this for your benefit?"

"If you want to put it that way, yes," he replied. "I am well aware of the fact you also wanted a rail connection. Don't let my youthful face fool you as it has done many a tough business man. I played along with the gag."

"Well, what can I say?" pleaded the young lady.

"That you will be my wife," he informed her. Now what other choice did she have but to say YES?

THE END

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Davy Crockett

in 'TENT TOWN TERROR'

THE ENDLESS FLOW OF LURCHING, STRAGGLING WAGONS THROUGH THE WILDERNESS TO THE BRIGHT PROMISE OF THE WEST WAS HAMPERED BY THE LACK OF ROADS, HOSTILE INDIANS, AND THE WEATHER, BUT IT KEPT ON. EVEN DAVY CROCKETT, WELL MOUNTED AND A TRAINED INDIAN FIGHTER, HAD HIS TROUBLES ON THE TRAIL TO TEXAS...



DAVY CROCKETT WAS A GROWN MAN WHEN HE HEADED WEST. HE RODE ALONE AT FIRST UNTIL...

CHEROKEES--AN THEY'RE GETTIN' READY TO RUSH THE WAGONS! I GOT TO FIND A WAY TO BLUFF THEM!



NOW TO MOVE AN' FIRE FROM ANOTHER SPOT SO THEY'LL THINK I'VE GOT MEN WITH ME!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THE CONFUSED CHEROKEES DREW BACK AND DAVY RODE FOR THE WAGONS...

DON'T LOOK AT ME! WATCH THOSE RED-SKINS, GAL!

THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE COME!



THEY'RE ALL ON THIS SIDE, MISTER--BUT KEEP A EYE PEELED BEHIND YUH!

I'M MATT DILLON, STRANGER! THAT'S MY GAL, ELLEN! YOU AND YOUR MEN DROPPED FOUR OF THEM CRITTERS! WHERE ARE THEY?



I'M ALL THE MEN THERE IS, DILLON! YOU LOAD, ELLEN!



TEN MINUTES LATER, THE INDIANS WERE GONE...

I'LL RIDE THE LEAD WAGON, DILLON! YOU DRIVE YOUR DAUGHTER'S WAGON! WE'LL BE IN DANGER TILL WE REACH THE FORD!

NOT AS MUCH AS WE'D BE IF YOU DIDN'T COME ALONG, DAVY!



THE FORD AT THE BIG MUDDY HAD MUSHROOMED INTO A TENT CITY! IT WAS THE LAST CHANCE TO STOCK UP ON FOOD AND TOOLS BEFORE THE LONG TRIP THROUGH INDIAN COUNTRY...

WILL YUH HAVE TIME TO SHOE MY HORSE, STRANGER? AND YUH CAN TELL US A GOOD PLACE TO CAMP!

CAMP IN THE GROVE NEAR THE RIVER! WATCH OUT FOR THIEVES! CAMP'S LOADED WITH 'EM! BRING THE HORSE BACK IN A FEW HOURS!



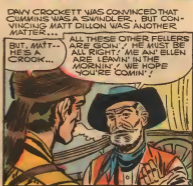
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



DAVY FIRST RAN INTO TURK CUMMINS IN TENT TOWN, MAKING A PITCH LIKE A CARNIVAL BARKER...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



CUMMINS HAD FORTY CUSTOMERS TRAILING BEHIND HIM WHEN HE LED THE WAGONS OUT THAT MORNING! DAVY RODE WITH HIM A WHILE...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

CUMMINS LED THE TRAIN FOR THREE DAYS -- AND DAVY KEPT A SHARP EYE ON HIM / THEN...



WE'LL LEAVE THE TRAIN TONIGHT / YOU TWO HAVE YOUR SADDLE-BAGS PACKED AND...

INDIANS / GET THE WAGONS BUNCHED UP!



COME ON, CARP! WE CAN MAKE IT UP THE ...

HOLD IT, CUMMINS, YOU'RE GONNA STAY AN' FIGHT LIKE THE REST OF US!



THE GREAT TURK CUMMINS WAS USELESS IN THE FIGHT THAT FOLLOWED ...

THEY'VE GONE! TELL CUMMINS HE CAN CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER THE WAGON NOW! KICK HIM IF HE'S SLOW!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, DAVY! BUT WHO'LL SHOW US THE WAY TO TEXAS NOW!



WE'LL FIND OUR WAY! MEANWHILE, HAND OVER THE MONEY THESE PEOPLE PAID YOU, CUMMINS! SOMEONE, TAKE THEIR GUNS -- THEY'RE GOIN' ALL THE WAY THIS TIME!

HEY, DAVY, I KNOW THE TRAIL! WENT THERE WITH MY PAPPY BEFORE I CAME BACK TO GET MARRIED!



END

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

RENDEZVOUS *at* RUSTLER'S GAP

THE ONLY GAP IN THE LOW HILLS ABOVE THE RIO GRANDE HAD ALWAYS BEEN A MEETING PLACE FOR RUSTLERS! NOW, TWO THOUSAND HEAD OF BEEF WERE BEING CROWDED THROUGH, READY TO CROSS INTO MEXICO! AND WIT VEGAS, THEIR BOSS, WAS READY TO COLLECT!

THERE'S A STRANGER, WIT!
WANT ME TUN PICK 'IM OFF?

NO, YUH FOOL! HE'S THE PAY-OFF
MAN! HE'S CARRYIN' THE
DOUGH!



YOU ARE ON
TIME, SENOR!
BUENO--I
ADMIRE
PROMPTNESS!

SKIP THE
POLITE
CHATTER,
SENOR! I
GOT THE
MONEY!



EIGHT DOLLARS A HEAD IS
THE PRICE WE AGREED ON!
I GOT TWO THOUSAND
HEAD!

SI, SENOR...
AN' I HAVE...



DO NOT TOUCH, SENOR!
NEXT ONE, FEET IS
HIGHER UP!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



THE RUSTLERS CUSTERED AROUND THE MEXICAN CATTLEMAN! THEY WATCHED GREEDILY AS HE REACHED INSIDE AND TOOK OUT -- TWO GLEAMING COLTS...



END

Rocky Lane

IN STOLEN CITY

CURT FEARN HAD VISION... HE COULD SEE THE SHINING TOWERS OF A CITY NOT YET BUILT, HE COULD HEAR THE WHISTLES OF LOCOMOTIVES THAT DIDN'T EXIST! FEARN FORESAW AN EMPIRE... ONE FOR HIM TO BLEED AND MASTER! BUT ROCKY LANE SAW SOMETHING ELSE... A GOOD RANCH AND A YOUNG COUPLE TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT TO MAKE FEARN'S DREAM POSSIBLE!



ROCKY LANE OR NO ONE ELSE CAN STOP ME! THE RAILROAD'S CITY WILL BE BUILT HERE-- HERE ON PROPERTY I'LL OWN!

QUIT DREAMIN', BOSS, AND GIMME A ... UNGH!

51505

CURT FEARN HAD PAID SPIES WELL TO LEARN WHERE THE RAILROAD PLANNED TO BUILD THEIR SHOPS! IT WAS NEVITABLE THAT A CITY WOULD GROW AT THAT POINT TOO...

BENNET'S RANCH IS NEARBY, BOSS!



I CAN SEE THEM ALREADY. TICK! A COMPLETE CITY! I'LL OWN IT!

CALM DOWN, BOSS! YOU GOTTA GET BENNET TUN SEL FIRST!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MEANWHILE, ROCKY LANE AND BLACKJACK WERE HEADED FOR BENNET'S RANCH TOO. HE KNEW ABOUT THE RAILROAD AND BENNET WAS AN OLD FRIEND...

THERE'S SMOKE FROM THE CHIMNEY! FRANK IS HOME!



YUH LUCKY CONPOKE! YOUR RANCH'LL DOUBLE IN VALUE WITH THE RAILROAD! RIGHT AT YORE DOOR!

SHOULD WE SELL, ROCKY? THERE MAY BE TROUBLE...



THERE'LL BE BUYERS, OF COURSE, BUT I WOULDN'T SELL! YOU'VE GOT A NICE PLACE HERE! HOLD ON TO IT!



CURT FEARON ARRIVED AT THAT MOMENT! HE WASTED NO TIME...



I CAME TO BUY YOUR PLACE, BENNET! NAME YORE PRICE!

I RECKON I WON'T SELL, MISTER! BEAT IT!



YOU'LL SELL, BENNET! READY, TICK?

GO RIGHT AHEAD, BOSS! IF HE LIFTS A FIST, I'LL DRILL 'IM THAT GOES FOR THE OTHER DUDE TOO!



FEARON WANTED TO MAKE BENNET FIGHT! WHEN HE DID, TICK, WHIPPLE'S GUNS WOULD SETTLE EVERYTHING! BENNET OBLIGED... HE FOUGHT...

HOLD IT, TIN-HORN! LET FEARON TAKE HIS LICKIN'!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

47

WHAT'RE ARE
YOU WAITIN'
FOR, TICK?
GET...
OOOF!



PICK HIM UP AND
GET OUT OF
HERE, GUNSLINGER!
HURRY IT UP!

NO MAN ORDERS
ME AROUND!



ROCKY
LANE
KNEW
WHO
HE
FACED!
TICK
WHIPPLE'S
DESCRIP-
TION
HAD
BEEN
ON
NANTED
DODGERS
IN THE
PAST!



TOO SLOW,
WHIPPLE!



WHIPPLE,
HIS
GUN-
HAND
NUMBERED
BUT
UN-
DAMAGED,
HELPED
HIS
BOSS
TO HIS
HORSE!
THEY
RODE
OUT,
HEADED
FOR A
NEARBY
CON-
TOWN...

THERE'S MORE
TROUBLE COMIN',
HUH, ROCKY?

YEP-- BUT NOTHIN'
WE CAN HANDLE,
FRANK! I'LL RIDE
TO TOWN TOO!



MEN LIKE FEARN
THINK THEY CAN
GRAB ANYTHING
THEY LIKE!
HE'S IN FOR
A SURPRISE
THIS TIME



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

NEWS OF THE RAILROAD HAD FILLED THE CANTONIN WITH STRANGE FACES! A LOT OF THEM WERE FAMILIAR TO THE SECRET MARSHAL

YOU OUT OF JAIL ALREADY, PETE? YOU WON'T BE OUT LONG! WHERE'S CORT FEARON HIRIN' HIS GANG?



COME ON! I'LL PAY FIGHTING WAGES! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR EVERY-ONE!



SAVE YOUR MONEY, BENNET WON'T SELL AND HE WON'T BE BLUFFED!

MAYBE NOT-- BUT HIS WIDOW WILL!



FIVE HUNDRED TO THE MAN WHO GETS LANE!

YOU'VE GOT A DEAL, FEARON!



LANE WAS SURROUNDED BY OWL-HOOTERS! IF HE WENT DOWN, HE'D NEVER GET UP...

HOLD IT, ALL OF YOU!



TAKE A LOOK! YOU'LL SEE THESE COLTS AGAIN IF YOU TRY TO RUN BENNET OFF!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

FEARON'S DREAM OF EMPIRE DROVE HIM ON! HE RODE OUT WITH TEN HIRED GUNMEN TO TAKE BENNET'S RANCH...



...WHILE ROCKY HAD ALREADY TAKEN TITLE TO BENNET'S RANCH AND SENT THEM TO A NEIGHBORING RANCH...

FEARON AND HIS BUNCH WILL BE HERE SOON! I'M READY AS I'LL EVER BE!



SEND BENNET OUT, LANE!

HE'S NOT HERE, I OWN THE RANCH NOW! AND I MADE A WILL! IF I DIE, THE RAILROAD GETS TITLE TO THE LAND! YOU LOSE EITHER WAY, FEARON!



THE PROMOTER WENT BERSERK! HE DREW, AND AT THE SIGNAL, THE HIRED HANDS WENT FOR THEIR GUNS...



CUT 'EM DOWN IF THEY WON'T GIVE UP, BOYS!



BENNET HAD COME BACK WITH COW-HANDS... THEY TOOK FEARON'S HIRED GUNNIES IN HAND...

YOU WERE WRONG ALL THE WAY, FEARON! THE RAILROAD ISN'T GOING TO BUILD HERE! THEY ALREADY OWN THE LAND WHERE THE CITY WILL BE BUILT!



END

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